


I Father a Child that's none of my own,

BEING

The SEAMANS Complaint,  Who took a Whore instead of a Saint.

Shewing, That whilst he was Trading Seven Years from Port to Port at Sea, and brought home great Wealth; his Wife in the mean time by Trading in the Low Countries, got a Mischance, fell down and broke her—Elbow: above all praising the Innocence of a Country Life.

To the Tune of, *Cook Laurel: Or, Give me the Lass, &c.*



If every Woman was serv'd in her kind,
and every Man had his just desert,
The Rooms in Bridewel would be so well lin'd,
that a Coach could not pass in the street for a Cart.


Full seven long years have I cross'd the Seas,
mean time I've been cross'd as much on the Land,
My Wife still at home did live at her ease,
I'm sure she had all things at her command.

She needed not her fingers to wet,
yet she keeps her Gallant, she was so high flown
But sure I must lose by the Stake of the Bett,
If I Father a Child that is none of my own.

I that have scaped the Rocks and the Sand,
& clim'd the Billows when storms they have blown
At last am come to be Ship-wrack'd on Land,
To Father a Child that is none of my own.

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I have Traded abroad to bring home some Wealth,
from Port unto Port in far Countries unknown,
Hear while my Wife has been trading by stealth,
And got me a Child, though 'tis none of my own

The Plow-man that works for a field all the day,
and Shepherd that keepeth his Sheep all alone,
At night when at home with their wives they may play
and fear not to Father what's none of their own

My Neighbours all they do laugh me to scorn,
and point their fingers at me and my Joan,
Saying, that I must drink out of a Horn,
and Father a Child that is none of my own.

Now I must Rock the Cradle, beside
my Clours on my Hoins by the fire at home,
When I look abroad my Neighbours deride,
'cause I Father a Child that is none of my own.

Though I cannot Pocket my Hoins as some can,
by good Womens Carries they are so o're-grown;
yet 'tis the hard case of many a Man,
all you that hear me look home to your own.

And is not this most damnable strange,
to be led by every Strumpers man,
I may sit and sell Hoins at the Royal Exchange,
when I Father a Child that is none of my own.

For Gallants are dainty and seek in the Throng,
and love for to pick on another Mans Bone,
So many an honest good fellow has wrong,
to Father a Child that is none of his own.

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
and put another mans Child to Nurse,
And hood-wink his Hoins through Ignorance,
but he that's a Whittal is ten times worse.

In Cities and Towns of greatest request,
this vile sort of Pilfering Trade is much known,
If a man has a beautiful Wife he can't rest,
for fear to keep Children that's none of his own.

But I'll never grieve, but let it all pass,
by Woman there's many a Man over-thrown,
Although I'm an Or, I'll ne'r be an Als,
to Father a Child that is none of my own.

But well fare the Country, they live at their ease,
their innocence all their Actions does crown,
they may go, they may stay, they may do what they please
and fear not to keep any more than their own.

Nesther did I spring out of that Race,
to call that my Seed which another hath sown,
Then ne'r let me look King Charles in the face,
if I Father a Child that is none of my own.

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